

The Children's Paper

FEBRUARY 1925 T. NELSON & SONS, LTD. TWOPENCE



"QUALITY
AND
FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

See the name "GADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

MADE UNDER
IDEAL CONDITIONS

THE BIBLE FOR YOUTH.

Edited by Rev. R. C. GILLIE, M.A., D.C.L.,
and Rev. JAMES REID, M.A.

Consists of a selected Bible text and a series of Notes and Introductions, the aim of the work being to render the Bible intelligible to young people, and to assist teachers who have had limited opportunity for grasping the modern point of view. Over 1,000 pages.

India Paper, Leather, 10s. 6d. net. Cloth, 6s. net.

"Although it is designed for younger people, it would be a great gain if all the teachers and mentors of youth were to read it."

—Westminster Gazette.

Write to Parkside Works, Edinburgh, for Prospectus.

T. NELSON & SONS, Ltd. LONDON &
(Incorporating T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd.) EDINBURGH.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

ILLUSTRATED STORY BOOKS

Each **5s.** net.

For Girls.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Diana Carries On. | By BESSIE MARCHANT. |
| The Head of the House. | By KATHLYN RHODES. |
| Girls on the Gold Trail. | By EDITH G. COWPER. |
| Mollie Hazeldene's Schooldays. | By M. S. FORSEY. |
| Sally at School. | By ETHEL TALBOT. |
| Schoolgirl Chums. | By KATHLYN RHODES. |
| Neighbours at School. | By ETHEL TALBOT. |
| Treasure of Drummer's Head. | By J. HERBERTSON. |
| Betty, the Ugly Duckling. | By DORIS A. POCKOCK. |

For Boys.



- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| Around the World in Ten Days. | By C. C. FRASER. |
| In Quest of Peril. | By ALFRED JUDD. |
| His Highness. | By GUNBY HADATH. |
| A Choice of Chums. | By HAROLD AVERY. |
| Between Two Schools. | By HAROLD AVERY. |
| Jack o' Langsett. | By R. A. H. GOODYEAR. |
| Toddy Scores Again. | By ALFRED JUDD. |
| P.J., the Secret Service Boy. | By Lord FREDERIC HAMILTON. |
| More about P.J., the Secret Service Boy. | By Lord FREDERIC HAMILTON. |

Write for a copy of the New Illustrated Catalogue.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd.

35 & 36 Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C. 4; and Parkside Works, EDINBURGH



THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

FEBRUARY 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Fate of Fluffles

BY MAY WYNNE

"TEMPER!" said Nellie.

"I'm not in a temper," retorted Dick.

"You are!—just because Mums sent you to wash your hands in the middle of dinner."

"It wasn't the middle; it was just when Harper was handing the onion sauce."

"That was why you were cross—pig!"

"It was all your fault anyway. You said it wasn't nearly one o'clock."

"Passion, passion, take advice."

"You haven't got the sense of a kid of two."

Nellie began to laugh. "Shut up, duffer," she urged more amiably, "and come and let Fluffles out of the shed; he won't know what's become of us."

Dick turned his back on the offerer of peace. With hands in pockets and bulged cheeks of gloom he sauntered off, murmuring something under his breath about "beastly old Fluffles."

Nellie hunched her shoulders. How horrid everything was this afternoon. Seated in the summer-house, Nellie viewed the trials of other people's bad tempers for twenty minutes. Then she jumped up. Angry voices sounded loud and sharp coming from the direction of the potting shed. What could—

Then Nellie remembered a certain trait in the nature of Fluffles named Curiosity. What had Fluffles been curious about now?

Evidently something that had raised the ire of West the gardener.

Nellie took a flying leap over the flower bed and reached the potting shed panting.

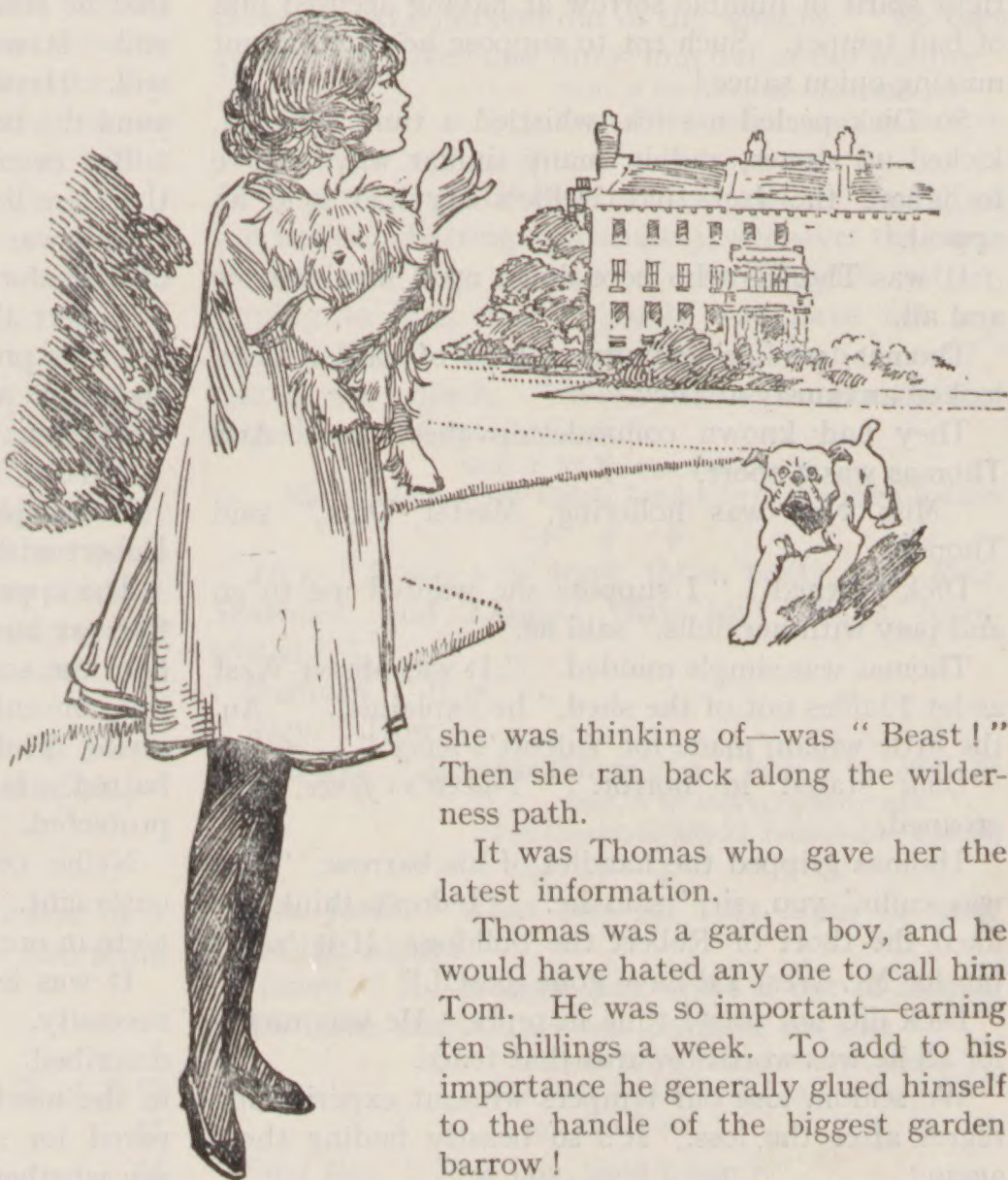
"Fluffles!" she gasped.

West glowered upon her. "No need, Miss Nellie," he accused, "to ask who put that there pernicious little warmint into my shed. Routling out all me seed boxes he has, an' the hours of my time wasted—leave alone the Missus's money."

"But—Fluffles—" panted Nellie—"you've not let him out? You knew he would be sure to run away."

"The farther the better," snapped West. "An' a reglar blessin' if he were never see'd again. Just made for destruction, that's all them Yorkshire terrors is bred for."

Nellie did not stay to argue. I am afraid she did not stay to apologize for the sins of Fluffles. All she said—and I really hope it was Fluffles and not West



she was thinking of—was "Beast!" Then she ran back along the wilderness path.

It was Thomas who gave her the latest information.

Thomas was a garden boy, and he would have hated any one to call him Tom. He was so important—earning ten shillings a week. To add to his importance he generally glued himself to the handle of the biggest garden barrow!

He was so glued now, but pulled up short at sight of Miss Nellie.

"'E's gone straight for the Yalcotts' fence, Miss," cried Thomas. "I hollered, but it weren't no use. He was gone in a flash."

Nellie shuddered.

This had been the dread of herself and Dick ever

since Fluffles came into their possession. For did not the Yalcotts possess Robert? And Robert was a bull-dog with an appetite for all freaks, strangers, and things fluffy.

It was Dick, still suffering from the temper which was *not* his bad temper, but just the result of every one else's nastiness and snappiness and unjust remarks, who heard Nellie's shrill summons,—

"Dick! Dick!"

Dick again bulged his cheeks and hunched his shoulders.

Probably Nellie had been sneaking to the Mater (Nellie never did sneak), and he was going to be commanded to play some footling game with her.

He did not intend to play with Nellie, who, though perfectly innocent of offence, would have to show the right spirit of humble sorrow at having accused him of bad temper. Such rot to suppose he cared about missing onion sauce!

So Dick peeled a stick, whistled a tune, yawned, kicked up stones, and in many similar ways strove to ignore the fact that Nellie's cry had held an appeal.

It was Thomas who bore down upon him, barrow and all.

Thomas, perspiring under a load of garden pots, looked anxiously at Dick.

They had known comradeship these two. And Thomas was a sport.

"Miss Nell was hollering, Master Dick," said Thomas.

Dick yawned. "I suppose she wanted me to go and play with her dolls," said he.

Thomas was simple minded. "It was Mister West as let Fluffles out of the shed," he explained. "An' the little willain made for Yalcott's fence."

Dick stared in horror. "*Yalcott's fence*," he groaned.

Thomas gripped the handles of his barrow. "She was callin' you, sir," said he. "I don't think she liked the thort of Robert the bulldog. If it 'adn't bin for Mr. West I'd have gone meself."

Dick did not waste time in reply. He was racing for all he was worth towards that fence.

We seldom lose our tempers without experiencing regret after the loss. It's so beastly finding them again!

Dick had the truth of this ever since dinner-time.

But now it was something far worse than the loss of dignity with which one has to show one is sorry for being silly! In this case it was the sharp and bitter pang of remorse and fear.

For the reputation of Robert the bulldog was as grim as that of Jack the Giant-Killer's Ogre.

There was only one thing possible: to hasten to the rescue, or—or—well, it would not be so bad if it were only Fluffles to be avenged.

An awful dread clutched Dick's heart that his darling twin might herself be in danger.

Nellie was so plucky—almost too plucky—and she would never stand quietly by to see Fluffles murdered.

There was a field—the Yalcotts called it a park—of forty acres on the other side of that fence, and beyond the field a stream which divided the field from the Manor garden.

Dick bolted across the park like a rabbit. He was half across the plank over the stream when he saw Nellie.

She was standing in the carriage drive close by with Fluffles in her arms. Possibly the truant realized that he was in some sort of a scrape, for he lay very still. It was not natural, either, for Fluffles to be still. He was aggressive by instinct—aggressive beyond the bounds of discretion.

But even a Yorkshire terrier can understand that there are limits.

This was a limit. It was more. It was a moment of crisis, for down the avenue at full pelt came Robert.

Robert the Ogre, the terror, the protector of his master's property! He had spied Fluffles from afar and came at a rush. Nellie had only just sufficient time to snatch her pet up out of immediate danger.

"Woo!" challenged Robert. "G-r-r-r-r!"

Nellie played the heroine superbly. She faced Robert with both arms about Fluffles.

The appearance of Robert alone was awe-inspiring. One ear had been badly torn in a desperate fight, he bore the scars of many battles, and his whole aspect was concentrated essence of animosity. He intended giving Fluffles a first and last demonstration of hatred. It did not matter that Fluffles was being protected. "Woo!"

Nellie could never have stood against such an onslaught. The catastrophe must have been complete in one act had it not been for Dick.

It was less than heroism with him; it was sheer necessity. How he "got there" he could never have described. He simply sprawled. But he sprawled in the most immediate path of Robert, who, unprepared for such an obstruction, lost—well, I won't say whether it was his head or his balance, or both—but there he lay—sprawling too—whilst Nellie shrieked at the very top of her voice.

"Hullo! hullo!" said somebody. "Hul-lo!"

It was Mr. James Yalcott, owner of Robert, who had taken a short cut through the bushes.

Nellie plunged towards him, all tragedy. "Robert!" she screamed; "he'll k-k-kill Dick!"

"Not quite as bad as that," replied Mr. Yalcott, still cheerful even after such blood-curdling tidings—and grabbed Robert.

It did not take Dick a minute to rise. He was scratched and shaken and a trifle dizzy after the whirl and swirl of adventure, but was sound in wind and limb.

Possibly the poor little heroine suffered most in the reaction, for she burst into tears and ran to Dick. "I thought you were killed," she sobbed. "A-and it was my fault. You d-did it to save me. O Dick!"

Dick got very red and hung his head.

You see he was a boy, and boys are often foolishly ashamed of the feelings that do them the most credit. "It's all right," he said gruffly. "And—er—you were a brick in saving Fluffles."

It was Mr. Yalcott who saved them from further alarms by quietly insisting on properly introducing Robert to Dick, Nellie, and Fluffles. I fear the last was a strain on Robert's good manners, but he yielded in the end, and even stood unmoved whilst Fluffles made a tour of his bandy legs.

"Yap!" squealed Fluffles.

Robert yawned. No one could order him not to be bored. He was bored.

But the cure was complete.

Dick, Nellie, and Fluffles returned home in a state of beatitude. Nellie cuddled Fluffles, and Dick cuddled Nellie.

They are never going to quarrel again—never. Not even about serious things, let alone onion sauce and dirty hands. If ever there should be an occasion which threatened storm, one word must be whispered—a magic word to conjure up grim moments of suspense and fear—"Fluffles!"

I agree with Robert that the owner of the name was absurdity itself. But we all love absurdities—at times!

✦ ✦ ✦

A CLASS was asked to place the word *seldom* in a sentence. One hopeful wrote, "My father had some chickens but he seldom."

Motto for February

The grand essentials of happiness are: something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

CHALMERS.

Sent in by HILDA BOURNE,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



JOHN came down to breakfast one morning looking troubled.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I found a feather in my bed last night, and I'm afraid I'm going to have the chickenpox!"

Sent in by HILDA BOURNE,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was once a man who had two sons, Ikey and Mikey. One day the man went out without his key, so he came back to the window and called out, "Ikey, throw my key (Mikey) out of the window." So Ikey got hold of Mikey and threw him out of the window.

Sent in by ARTHUR BRAITHWAITE,
35 Astonville Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

AT a patriotic gathering in Australia an aboriginal was noticed cheering uproariously whenever the name of England was mentioned. An English settler, turning to him, said, "Surely you have not any English blood in your veins?" "Hab I not?" roared the Black. "Why, my great-grandfather helped to eat Captain Cook."

Sent in by VICTOR BALLANTINE,
Master's House, The Union, Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

✦ ✦ ✦

Algy. "I see you have three boats, the *Rose*, *Shamrock*, and *Thistle*. Why isn't Wales represented?"

Boatman. "It is."

Algy. "How?"

Boatman. "Because there's a 'leak' in one of 'em."

Sent in by CHARLES SCOTCHER,
The Southfield School, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

Mrs. Jones. "What was all that noise in your house last night?"

Jimmy. "My brother Ned upset a pot of treacle on his head, and mother was combing his hair."

Sent in by KATHLEEN WATKINS,
The Southfield School, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

First Boy. "New boy, aren't you?"

Second Boy. "Yes."

First Boy. "Where d'you live?"

Second Boy. "With my mother."

First Boy. "Where does your mother live?"

Second Boy. "With me."

First Boy. "And where do you both live?"

Second Boy. "Together."

Plays from History

PLAY VII.—THE DEATH OF BECKET

CHARACTERS :

HENRY II. ; THOMAS BECKET, Archbishop of Canterbury ; ROGER, Archbishop of York ; SIR REGINALD FITZURSE, SIR RICHARD DE BRITO, SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY, SIR HUGH DE MORVILLE, knights of the king's house ; QUEEN ELEANOR, wife of Henry II. ; GRIM, a monk ; citizens and beggars of Northampton ; knights and ladies of the court of Henry II.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN NORTHAMPTON.

TIME, 1165 A.D.

[Men and women, passing to and fro, intent on business ; beggars, some seated by the roadside, others standing, asking alms from passers-by ; occasionally a monk or man-at-arms passes ; enter two citizens, carrying long staffs, and walking slowly whilst talking together ; some of the beggars crowd towards them.]

First Citizen. Such is the archbishop's shabby following [throws coin towards the beggars]. Away with you [the beggars scramble for the coin, and then fall back].

Second Citizen. Shabby they may be, but they be faithful at least. The name of Becket stirs these men as the king's name never did.

First Citizen. [Standing and looking thoughtfully towards the group] 'Tis a change, and a great one. Not many months ago it was the barons and the rich who hung upon his words. "The great chancellor," said they. Now [shrugging his shoulders] the beggars bless him as the good archbishop.

Second Citizen. Many are the tales I have heard of his great wealth and the feasts he gave, which even the king himself did not match for splendour. What has changed the man ?

First Citizen. Mother Church, friend, Mother Church. The feaster has turned faster, and the king's companion become the beggar's comrade.

[They turn and begin to walk on. Enter a third citizen, who greets them ; they pause once more, and form a group in the middle of the road, talking quietly.]

First Beggar. [Turning to the others] Our Lord Becket will pass this way anon.

The Beggars. [Together] Bless him !

Blind Beggar. Ay, bless him ! for he's like own brother to us all. But yesterday he took me by the hand [holding up his hand], this hand, rough and dirty as it must be, and led me to his house as if it was mine own.

Lame Beggar. [Stepping forward] That would he, were you filthy as the kennel. He has fed me for days. By the Lord, he says he's our brother.

Fourth Beggar. Scabs or filth, ragged or naked, we be all his children, my masters.

Beggars. [Together] God's blessing on him [they continue muttering to one another].

Third Citizen. [To friends] They say that the king's favour is gone from Becket.

First Citizen. Idle gossip, friend, for the king has made him what he is.

Second Citizen. Maybe ; but kings change.

Third Citizen. As Becket has done, eh ? Rumour hath it that he refuses to do the king's bidding, and so they have quarrelled. His goods are to be taken from him, and the barons already begin to forsake his house.

First Citizen. Such is a king's favour. Lose it, and you lose your friends.

Second Citizen. And your life belike. [Turns suddenly] What is this ?

[The others turn, and then move to the side of the road as the beggars limp and rush forward, shouting. "The great archbishop ! Our Lord Becket ! Way for our noble lord !"] Enter Becket, followed by four monks. The people fall back, and kneel or bow their heads as he passes. The beggars fall on their knees, and hold out their hands in supplication to him, shouting, "Blessings on your noble lordship !"

Becket. [Stopping] Ah ! my poor friends, little ye know how much I need your blessing. [Turning to the monks] Give them what ye have. They will not scorn the gifts of Becket as do their nobler brethren.

[He lifts up his hands in blessing, and passes on as the monks scatter money among the beggars and follow after. The beggars fight amongst themselves for the money as the people once more begin to pass to and fro on their way.]

First Citizen. Did ye notice that he said he needed their blessings ?

Second Citizen. [Nodding his head] That did I !

Third Citizen. Said I not the king was angry with him ? Who comes ?

[Enter the four knights ; the beggars rush towards them. Fitzurse. Away, you filthy knaves [sneering]. Go, seek alms of your father Becket.]

Beggars. Bless him ! God keep him !

De Brito. [Angrily] Bless him, you scum ? Bless the man who is unfaithful to his king ? Away with you [striking with his hand at the nearest beggar].

Blind Beggar. Ay, bless him ; he feeds us.

Lame Beggar. We be not filthy scum to our Lord Becket.

Fourth Beggar. We be his brethren, my masters.

Fitzurse. 'Tis a dirty brotherhood [*drawing and striking with the flat of his sword*]. Now stand aside and let us pass.

Blind Beggar. [*Coming forward, tapping with his stick*] Alms, noble lord, alms.

De Morville. 'Tis eyes ye lack, dirty rogue.

Blind Beggar. My Lord Becket sees for me, bless him!

Fitzurse. [*Impatiently*] Get ye gone.

De Tracy. [*Putting his hand to his dagger*] Ye shall lack tongues to mouth your blessings. Begone!

[The beggars stand aside muttering, shaking their sticks as the knights pass on, and then hobble after them, talking fiercely to one another. The three citizens walk slowly in an opposite direction.]

Third Citizen. So the barons openly scoff at Becket?

First Citizen. A sure sign that the king's favour has passed from him.

Second Citizen. Well, maybe 'tis so; certain it is that the barons bear him no good will.

Third Citizen. Archbishop or no archbishop, I would not be in Becket's place this day.

[They pass out talking.]

SCENE II.—THE KING'S APARTMENTS IN A CASTLE IN NORMANDY. TIME, 1170 A.D.

[Groups of ladies and nobles scattered about the chamber. King Henry and Queen Eleanor seated at one end, whilst behind them stand the four knights. All are talking, when a voice is heard outside.]

"Room for his Eminence the Archbishop of York."

The King. [*Starting, and turning to Queen Eleanor*] What wants he here in Normandy?

[Enter Roger of York. He walks slowly forward, and stopping a few paces away, faces the king, who has risen to greet him. The groups break up, and all stand attentive to what is passing.]

Henry. Welcome to Normandy! Yet, Roger, there is but little brightness in your face.

Roger. There is grave reason for my mood, your grace.

Henry. Grave reason! What mean you?

Roger. [*Slowly and distinctly*] Reason that affects the welfare of your realm.

Henry. [*Striding forward*] The peace of England! Read me this riddle, I prithee.

Roger. Ye but lack the key, my liege.

Henry. [*Stamping his foot impatiently*] Tarry not, my lord; we grow impatient.

Roger. It was by your wish, my lord, that I crowned the prince Henry, your son, as king?

Henry. [*Passionately*] Yes, yes! Well?

Roger. Becket has returned to Canterbury, my lord.

Henry. Methinks my wit grows dull as my temper sharp. Becket has returned, say you, but he is my friend once more.

Roger. [*With emphasis*] Your friend, my liege, but none of ours who do your will. We who but obeyed your wishes in the crowning of your son are excommunicate.

[The nobles and ladies whisper excitedly together.]

Henry. [*Stepping back, and catching hold of the side of his seat*] Excommunicate! Has he dared?

Eleanor. At last, my lord archbishop, you come to the root of the matter. [*Turning in her seat to Henry, who is standing deep in thought*] What other ruin shall this man bring upon your kingdom? Is gratitude dead that such as he, lifted by your royal will from poverty to greatness, should so repay with deeds of evil the one who raised him?

[Henry seats himself, frowning, and then looks up.]

Henry. Peace! I say he is again my friend.

Roger. [*Moving closer to the king*] With me are Gilbert of London and Jocelyn of Salisbury. What have we done that obedience to our sovereign brings such punishment in its train? We ask but justice at your hands, my liege [*falling to his knees, and holding out his hands in the direction of the king*].

Eleanor. [*Rising*] Is the king's word so light that such a man as Becket can make it null and void? Is your power so small that those who do your will have no protection? Then are we ruled by Becket, and Henry is but make-believe and sham.

Henry. [*Rising, and pacing to and fro*] How you all hate him! Yet he has dared me once again, and I do not brook such actions. Whilst hatred breeds your words, the welfare of my state must rule my mind. [*Roger of York rises from his knees.*]

Eleanor. [*Angrily, and with derision*] The state! Why prate of state when all your power is dead?

Roger. The church is rent in twain, and peace has gone from us for ever.

Henry. [*Turning fiercely*] You drag me on to rashness. Is there no man who can preserve peace for me? [*flinging his arms out*] Is there none among you who break my bread will rid me of this priest?

[He turns again, and, with his head sunk on his breast, passes rapidly from the chamber. The nobles and ladies turn and watch him as he goes, and then commence whispering together. Fitzurse speaks quickly to his companions.]

Fitzurse. Draw your swords, cross them, and swear this oath. [*They draw swords and cross them. Fitzurse holds the blades together with his left hand, whilst the others lift their left hands above their heads.*] Swear, here and now, that if Becket refuses to do the king's desire he dies.

De Brito. I swear it.

De Morville. He shall die.

De Tracy. His blood be on his own head.

Fitzurse. [Releasing the swords] 'Tis well. To England, my lords.

[They pass out together, sheathing swords.]

SCENE III.—THE CATHEDRAL AT CANTERBURY.

TIME, DECEMBER 29, 1170, LATE AFTERNOON

[BECKET standing on the altar steps. GRIM stands a little to the rear on the left-hand side. Other monks kneeling in the body of the church. The door is flung open quickly, and the knights enter unarmed. The monks rise and gather behind BECKET quickly as the knights advance. He faces them, whilst GRIM steps forward as if to intervene.]



DEATH OF BECKET.

Grim. My lords, what seek you?

Fitzurse. Our message is for yon mischief-maker [pointing to Becket]. Go in peace!

De Brito. By your action Roger of York is excommunicate. Is this your duty to your royal master?

Becket. [Boldly] My royal master can but rule my body; he cannot rule my soul.

De Tracy. Obedience he will have. Wilt remove thy ban from those whose excommunication you have wrought?

Becket. [Turning away] Not I. You speak of obedience to the king. Do not Roger of York and the other bishops owe fealty to me?

De Morville. You punish for disobedience, and yet you disobey. Have a care lest your punishment be death.

Becket. [Facing them once more boldly] I had rather die than Holy Church should suffer.

Fitzurse. Then die you shall.—Come, my lords, remember your oath.

Others. Ay, we remember.

[They turn and go out of the church, whilst the monks scatter, leaving Becket and Grim alone.]

Grim. My lord, they mean harm. Seek sanctuary.

Becket. That my death is determined on I know. If my office gives me no protection, and this altar no sanctuary, no matter where I go, my life is forfeit.

Grim. My lord, they dare not!

Becket. Alas, Grim, hatred breeds strange actions where sober thought would stand aghast. Many years these men have hated me, and my time is come.

Grim. Fly, my lord! [Enter barons, fully armed. Grim sees them, and catching hold of the robe of Becket, falls on his knees.] Alas! too late.

Becket. [Smiling sadly, placing his hand on the shoulder of Grim] Have no fear, my son.

[The knights advance to the altar steps and draw their swords. Fitzurse strides forward, and puts his hand upon the wrist of Becket.]

Fitzurse. Unhappy man, will you obey your king?

Becket. [Shakes off the grasp of Fitzurse] God alone is my master!

De Brito. Is it God's work to set your king at defiance?

[Grim rises, and stands by the side of Becket.]

De Tracy. A truce to argument. Wilt obey or die?

Grim. [Raising the cross and stepping between] Sacrilege, my lords!

Becket. Peace, Grim. I had rather die.

De Morville. Your blood be on your own head.—Strike, Reginald!

[Rushes forward. Becket throws him off. Fitzurse raises his sword and strikes; but the blow falls on Grim, who falls wounded. Becket raises his hands above his head and looks up.]

Becket. Into Thy hands—

[De Brito stabs him, and he falls to the floor. The other knights strike him as he lies. Fitzurse bends over him.]

De Morville. Is he dead?

Fitzurse. Ay, dead.

De Brito. Away, my lords!

[They rush out, leaving Becket and Grim lying on the altar steps.]

Toys made from Scraps

PART V.—CORKS

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND

I HOPE that you have collected plenty of corks, so as to be ready for this month's toys.

The word "cork" at once makes one think of boats and water. For a small boat, take an ordinary cork and cut it in half with a sharp knife (cork is an aggravating material to cut, isn't it?). Sharpen the

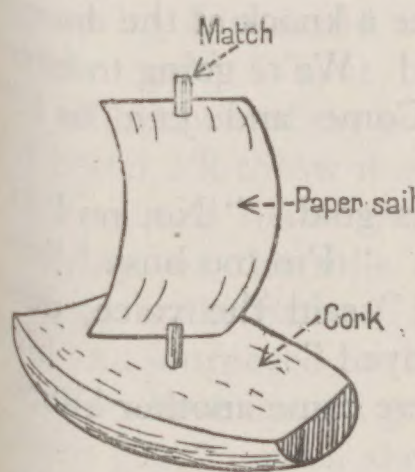


Fig. 1

end of a match stick, and having threaded a tiny piece of white paper (about an inch long and half an inch wide) through it, stick the match into the split cork (Fig. 1). If a fleet of these cork boats is wanted, choose "sails" of different colours, then place them in a shallow dish of water, and pretend, by blowing, that there is a wind, or even a hurricane.

A larger boat that won't capsize can be made from a pickle-bottle cork with two thin bits of stick about five inches long in place of the match used for the smaller boat. The stout paper sails must be placed on the masts in such a way that the "bulge" of each sail is in the same direction. Paste a tiny coloured-paper flag to the top of one of the masts (Fig. 2).

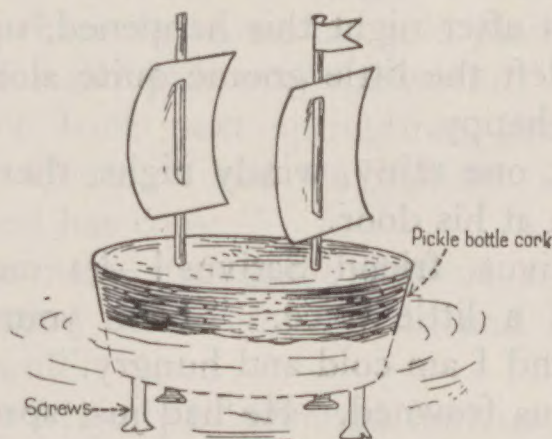


Fig. 2

To prevent this ship from toppling over, four screws, one inch long, are screwed into the underneath part of the cork for about a quarter of an inch. If four screws pull the ship too deeply into the water, you must only use three or even two screws. Then place one or more of these ships in a basin of water as before.

A pickle-jar cork will also make a bell-buoy (Fig. 3). Take a small length of firm wire, seven or eight inches long, and after making a loop in the middle, bend it round and stick it firmly into the cork, and tie a kitten's bell to the middle loop.

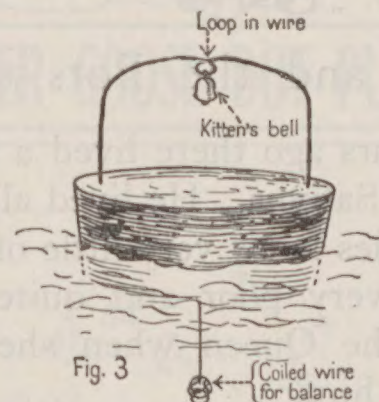


Fig. 3

This wire and bell will naturally make the cork top-heavy, so weight it underneath either with screws, as in Fig. 2, or by another bit of wire three inches long, with its end coiled round several times.

When placed in a bowl of water the slightest movement will make the bell ring.

A whole family can be made of cork if you choose small ones for the heads and larger ones for the bodies and legs. In the case of Mr. Cork, the largest must be used for his body, but Mrs. Cork will need the largest for her skirt. Master Cork resembles his father, and Miss Cork her mother, except that smaller corks are needed.

For each figure a pair of arms made out of stiff paper, or thin cardboard, must be placed between the "head and body corks" before gluing them together, and tiny pieces of cardboard stuck to the under corks for feet.

Ordinary water-colour paints, if put on thickly, or crayons, are then used to colour the "suits" and "dresses" of the family, and "faces" drawn on the top corks (Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7).

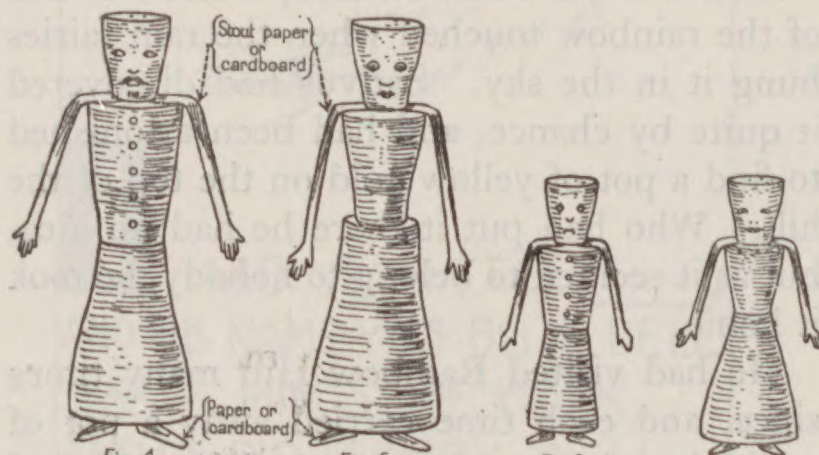


Fig. 4
Mr. Cork

Fig. 5
Mrs. Cork

Fig. 6
Master Cork

Fig. 7
Miss Cork

Before next month collect every reel that you can find, as various sizes will be useful for making the toys that I shall tell you about in the next number.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



Sativus and the Pots of Gold

LONG years ago there lived a little gnome called Sativus. He lived all by himself, and the fairies knew very little of him.

"He is very poor and quite harmless," they told the Queen when she questioned them about him.

But the fairies were quite wrong when they said Sativus was poor. He wasn't. He was very rich indeed. He had pots and pots of bright yellow gold hidden away in a secret cupboard.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Sativus, as he opened the door and looked at it. "To-night I will add some more to my store of gold!"

He put on his red cloak and crept away into the shadows outside. He went to an elm tree, climbed into its hollow trunk, and disappeared down some steps.

Down and down he went, till he came to a long passage which led upwards for a long way.

"Here I am at last!" said Sativus in a pleased voice, as he came out into the open again on the top of a hill.

This hill was Rainbow Hill, where one end of the rainbow touched when the rain fairies hung it in the sky. Sativus had discovered it quite by chance, and had been astonished to find a pot of yellow gold on the top of the hill. Who had put it there he had no idea, but as it seemed to belong to nobody, he took it home.

He had visited Rainbow Hill many times since, and each time carried away a pot of gold, though sometimes he had been forced to dig a long time before discovering it.

"I hope I'll find a pot quickly," said Sativus to himself, as he dug into the grass.

"Hurray!" he cried a minute later; "I'm lucky to-night—here's a pot of gold already! and what a big one!"

Sativus tugged at the pot until he had pulled it from the earth. It was full to the brim with large round yellow pieces of gold!

Back went the little gnome to his house, and put it with the others. Then, carefully shutting the windows and pulling down the blinds, he started to count all the gold pieces.

Presently there came a knock at the door.

"Sativus! Sativus! We're going to have a dance to-night. Come and join us!" called a voice.

Sativus clutched his gold. "No, no! I can't!" he answered. "I'm too busy!"

"Oh, what a pity!" said the voice, disappointed. "Good-bye!"

Some time later there came another knock at the door.

"Sativus! Lend me your cloak! I've come out without mine, and I'm cold!" begged another voice.

"I can't lend you mine, it has too many holes in it," answered Sativus crossly.

Now this wasn't true. His cloak was perfectly good, but Sativus simply didn't want the bother of getting it; he wanted to go on playing with his gold.

Night after night this happened, until the fairies left the little gnome quite alone, and he was happy.

Now, one rainy, windy night, there came a knock at his door.

"Sativus, friend Sativus!—let me in!" pleaded a little voice. "I am your friend Bron, and I am cold and hungry."

Sativus frowned. He had just spread his gold out on the table, and was going to have a lovely time alone with it.

"I am busy, friend Bron," he replied. "Can you not go to Meril's—he lives near by."

"I've hurt my ankle," said Bron. "I would rather spend the night with you."

Sativus made no answer. He thought

perhaps if Bron heard nothing further, he would go on to Meril's. And, after a while, he heard Bron going down the path.

"Now I can enjoy myself," chuckled Sativus, taking up his gold.

Next morning Sativus was surprised to see something lying by his garden gate. It was Bron, who had been unable to walk any farther, and had lain there all night.

"Oh, Bron, Bron!" sobbed Sativus, lifting up his friend and carrying him indoors. "How could I have been so unkind! It was all because of my gold! Oh, if only you get better I'll throw it *all* away!"

He nursed his friend day after day, and when at last the time came that Bron was able to walk, Sativus took all his pots of gold and journeyed to the Fairy Queen.

"You have done a great wrong," said the Queen gently, when she had heard his tale; "but if you are truly sorry, something good may come of your gold yet."

"Please, your Majesty, won't you have it?" asked Sativus.

"No, I don't need gold," said the Queen.

"Do as you decided to do, and throw it away, Sativus. Stand on the top of the Rainbow Hill and throw it as far as you can."

So Sativus went to Rainbow Hill, and standing there, he threw his gold pieces, one by one, far and wide over the world.

"Come back next springtime, Sativus," said the Queen, "and we will see if anything good has come."

So the next springtime Sativus and the Queen stood on Rainbow Hill, and looked far and wide.

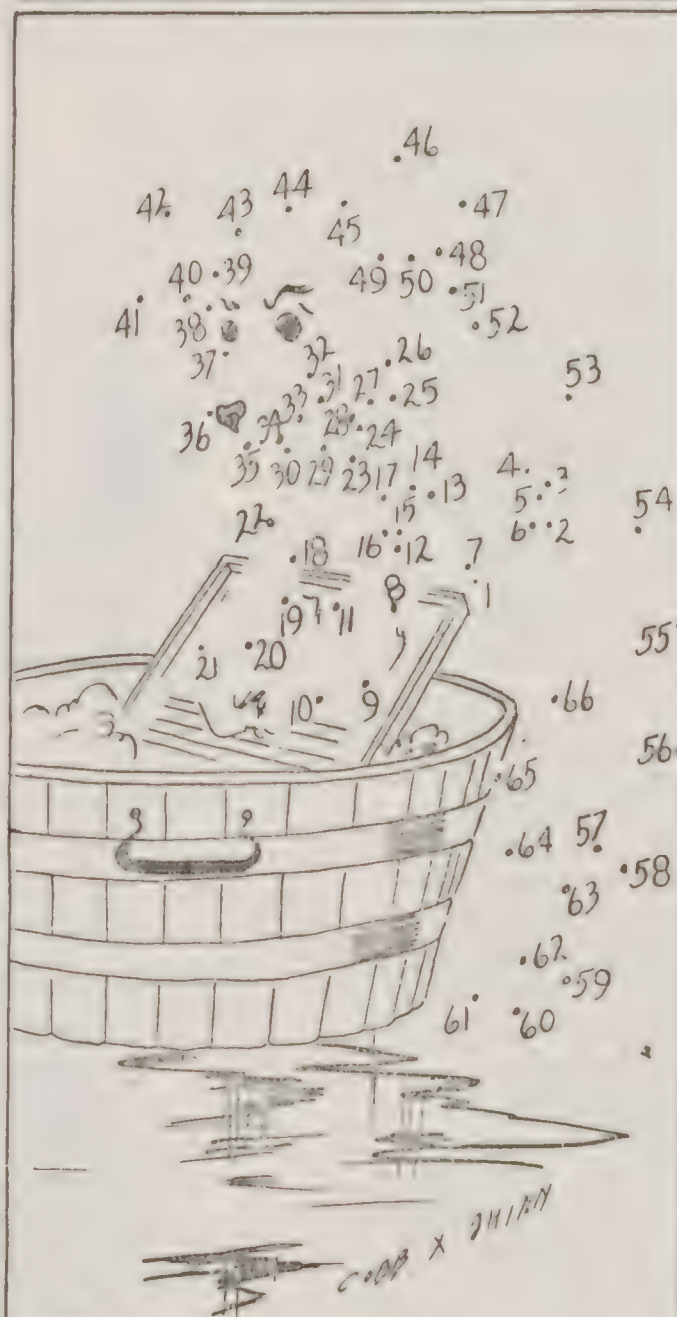
"Your Majesty!" shouted Sativus; "see—my gold has made the world beautiful!"

And it had; for all over the countryside grew little gold flowers—deep yellow as the gold pieces themselves.

"I told you some good would come!" said the Queen. "You have given the world a beautiful gift!"

And if you look in your gardens early in the year, you will see what Sativus has given you—a lovely deep yellow crocus!

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



I HAD A LITTLE _____,
AND HIS NAME WAS BLUE BELL
I GAVE HIM SOME WORK,
AND HE DID IT VERY WELL.

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER II

THE ACCIDENT

SOON after six o'clock the same evening, Dr. Barker was just coming out of his house when he was surprised to see the two little Marstons come racing up his drive.

"Oh, please, Dr. Barker, we've been frightfully naughty, and there's been an accident, and Mr. Carlton's hurt, and I expect Jim's killed! Oh, do come quickly! It's at the smithy."

"Brian, my dear chap, what in the world are you talking about?" asked the doctor.

But before the boys could explain, a man ran up and said,—

"Please, sir, can you come at once? There's been an accident down by Joe Smith's—young Mr. Carlton thrown out of a dogcart, and a boy hurt too. The horse shied, and the wheel went over the lad."

"Right, Wilson. I won't be a moment. Now, boys, I don't understand what you had to do with it, but you'll just go straight home at once. I'll ring up your father later, and let him know if there's much damage done."

"Mayn't we come back with you?" asked Brian.

"Certainly not; but just run up to my house-keeper, and ask her to get two beds ready in case they're needed, and then go straight home."

The doctor hurried off to the scene of the accident, and the boys delivered their message, and then set off on their walk home, very silently and feeling extremely frightened.

What had really happened was this. The boys had found Jim at the smithy, and had been so much interested in talking to him and watching Joe's work that they forgot all about the time until the clock in the market-place struck six. Then they knew that every one would be home before they were and wondering what had become of them, and they rushed out of the shop meaning to go home as quickly as possible. At the same moment a dogcart came swiftly round the corner. Mr. Carlton, who was driving it,

tried to avoid the boys, and the horse swerved, so that Jim, who had run out after them with a stick Donald had forgotten, was knocked down. The cart turned over, and Mr. Carlton was flung out. The blacksmith caught the terrified horse, and sent a man for the doctor; but the boys, with great presence of mind, had thought of this for themselves, and so got there first.

Dr. Barker found that poor Jim was very badly hurt, as the wheel had gone over his foot, and he had also hit his head in falling. Graham Carlton's left arm was broken. There was no hospital near, so the doctor had them both taken to his own house, where they were soon settled in bed, and made as comfortable as their injuries would allow.

The boys in the meantime had reached home, and found Nurse looking for them, as they expected. She was very angry with them when she had heard their story, scolded them severely, and made them eat their supper without talking to each other. By the time they had finished, their father had come in, and she sent them down to tell him what they had been doing, and about the accident that had been caused by their disobedience.

Brian and Donald went slowly downstairs. The accident had been a big shock to them, and they were feeling very miserable.



Marston looked round from his writing-table and saw two very dejected-looking little people standing beside him, and they were really so comical that he couldn't help laughing.

"Hullo!" he said. "Whatever is the matter with you? You look as if the world had turned upside down or something. What have you been up to?"

"Daddy, we've done something awful!" said Brian gloomily.

"And Nanny sent us to tell you," added Donald.

The Rector, seeing that they were really serious, stopped laughing, and said,—

"Well, what is it? You tell me first, Brian, as you're the eldest."

"I... we've... I've been to Thorley again," answered Brian slowly.

"Me too," said Donald. "It was my fault really. I suggested it."

"What for?" asked their father, not very encouragingly.

Brian heaved a sigh, pulled himself together, and plunged headlong into the story, which was not easy for the Rector to understand.

"You see, Daddy, yesterday when I went there, I found a boy who had no home, and he was crying and very hungry, so I took him to Joe to look after, and I promised to go and see him again, and Don said it was like the story about the Good Samaritan, and we ought to go and see if he was all right; so we couldn't ask leave because you were out, and we went."

"Why didn't you tell me about him yesterday?"

Brian fidgeted. Then he said rather nervously,—

"You were so cross, Daddy."

"Well, you deserved it. It was very silly of you not to tell me about the boy if you really wanted to help him; and, of course, it was very naughty indeed to go and do exactly the same thing again to-day that you had been punished for yesterday."

"We wanted to help him," murmured Brian.

"But you didn't honestly think that was a good enough reason for being disobedient, did you?"

"No-o," admitted both the boys.

"Then you have both been extremely naughty, and especially you, Brian. I shall have to punish you both."

Here Donald screwed up his courage to interrupt.

"But it wasn't his fault really, Daddy. It was me persuaded him to go. And that isn't nearly all. There's much worse that you haven't heard yet."

"You tell me then, Donald."

And gradually, with the help of a good many

questions from their father, they told the whole story, and he saw that they had been frightened and upset by the accident. Mrs. Marston had come in, in time to hear most of the explanation, and after he had told her the rest, he told the boys that for a whole week they were not to go outside the garden at all without some grown-up person. As this meant that they could not even go to the farm, it was a severe punishment to them, but they dared not grumble about it. Then they were sent up to bed, and Mr. Marston said to his wife when they had gone,—

"I really don't know what has come over Brian lately. He used not to be so disobedient. Of course he ought to be at school, as we have said so often before; but I can't manage to send him just yet, after all the expense we have had this last year, with the move and everything else."

"I know. But I wish it was possible. He is getting much more naughty than he was. Of course, Donald says this was his fault; but Brian doesn't usually follow his lead unless it suits his own purpose. However, I think they were frightened this time, and are really ashamed of themselves, so it may have a good effect."

"I wonder if their victims have suffered much. I'll try and get on to Barker and find out. Donald said he was going to ring me up, but he hasn't done it yet."

Dr. Barker and the Rector had a long conversation on the telephone, and the doctor said that Mr. Carlton's arm would soon mend, but the boy Jim was seriously hurt. The wheel had crushed his foot, and it might have to be taken off. He said that he had not been able to find out much about the boy, except that his name was Jim Strange, and that he had come from Carlisle. He had run away from his father, who was evidently very cruel to him, and his chief fear was lest he should be sent back to him.

Mr. Marston said he would like to do everything that was possible for the boy, and suggested that he should go to Carlisle next day and try to find out something about this man Strange. The doctor thought it a good idea, but when Mr. Marston offered to see if arrangements could be made for taking the boy to the hospital, Dr. Barker said that he would like to keep him for the present, and had already arranged for another surgeon to come and examine the injured foot.

It was a great relief to Brian and Donald to hear that Jim was not killed, for they had thought at first that he was. They were very subdued the next morning, and had a long talk with their mother, which ended in Brian saying quite gravely that he supposed they would never be naughty any more; while Donald made the

more practical suggestion that they should go and inquire after the invalids, if somebody could take them.

"Yes, certainly you shall," answered Mrs. Marston. "I'll take you myself this afternoon. But I don't suppose you will be allowed to see them, you know. I'm sure Jim at least must be too bad to have any visitors yet."

"But you do think he'll get better, Mummy, don't you?" asked Donald.

"Oh yes, I hope so, dear; but even if he doesn't have to lose his foot, I'm afraid it will take a very long time to get well. But now you must try to forget about it for a little while, because we must begin lessons. Have you got the books ready, Brian?"

Mrs. Marston took the boys to Thorley that afternoon, as she had promised. When they got there, Dr. Barker said Mr. Carlton would like to see them, but only their mother might see Jim. Mr. Carlton was very cheerful, in spite of his broken arm, and as soon as he had been introduced to Brian, he said to Donald,—

"When you were telling me about all your pranks the other evening, I little thought I was going to be the next victim!"

"We're frightfully sorry—" began both the boys at once; but Mr. Carlton stopped them and said the accident had been quite as much his fault as theirs, because he was driving a nervous young horse, and ought to have been more careful.

All three were soon great friends, and Mr. Carlton told them he was very pleased to find some young people living at the Rectory, because he had thought Little Thorley might be rather dull. There would only be his uncle and his mother at the Hall, and most of the other people in the neighbourhood were rather old and not very interesting.

"I don't understand," said Donald, "why you're called Mr. Graham Carlton, and your uncle is only Mr. Graham."

Their new friend laughed.

"Oh, that's quite easy," he said. "You see my mother is his sister, and, of course, before she was married she was Miss Graham. Then she became Mrs. Carlton, and they christened me Graham after her family."

"But, then, where's Mr. Carlton?" asked Brian.

"He died a long time ago. My uncle is really almost like a father to me, and some day all his property will come to me, because he has no sons of his own. He is very old now, you know, and a great invalid, so that is why he wanted my mother and me to come and live here altogether, instead of just coming for long visits, as we used to do while I was still at Oxford."

"Have you only just left Oxford, then?" said Don.

"Yes, only last summer. I've been abroad since then, travelling about."

"Then you're quite young!" said Brian, with some surprise. "I thought you were at least as old as Daddy, and it's hundreds of years since he left Oxford. I believe he's about forty, or something."

"What did you take me for?" asked Mr. Carlton, laughing. "Look here, you two had better call me Graham, and then perhaps you won't think I'm an old fogey."

"But I didn't—Graham," protested Brian, and Donald exclaimed,—

"But, anyhow, Daddy isn't an old fogey!"

Soon after this Mrs. Marston and the doctor came in, and she told the boys they must come home. But Dr. Barker asked them to stay to tea, and Graham begged that they might have it in his room. So they spent a very jelly afternoon, and the boys made all sorts of plans about what they would do as soon as Graham was well again.

CHAPTER III

JIM'S HISTORY

MR. MARSTON had also been having a very interesting day in Carlisle. He had gone first to the police station to make inquiries about the man Strange, and there learned that on the very day Jim ran away from him he had been arrested for stealing, and was at present in the "lock-up," waiting to be tried. Mr. Marston told the police inspector why he had come, and asked what they knew of the man and boy. He was told that they had only been in the town about two months, lodging in a very poor house in one of the worst streets. The man loafed about the town all day, never doing a stroke of work if he could help it, and apparently the couple lived chiefly on the boy's wages as errand boy in a newspaper shop. Jim was, of course, supposed to go to school; but he stayed away as often as he could, and tried to find odd jobs to add to his small earnings, for if he did not bring home enough money he was generally beaten by his father.

The inspector said the police had been keeping an eye on the man ever since he was first noticed in Carlisle, but up to the time of the theft he had done nothing that gave them any excuse for interfering with him. Since the man's arrest, they had found out from the neighbours that the boy was missing, and they were interested to hear what Mr. Marston could tell them about him.

"If you're going to take an interest in the lad, and look after him, sir, it will be the making of him. It's surprising what a decent, steady little chap he is, with such a father; and if they can be kept apart after Strange has finished his sentence, it'll be the best thing for the boy."

"That's what I hope to do," said the Rector. "Perhaps we can get him into some school when he's well enough. Now, if you can give me permission, I should like to see Strange himself."

"That can easily be arranged, sir," said the inspector, and in a very short time Mr. Marston was conducted to the cell, where he found a very rough, disagreeable-looking man, who seemed very suspicious of his visitor, and said it was no good any parsons wasting their time coming and preaching to him.

"I should think there's some truth in that," said Mr. Marston; "but, as it happens, I've not come to do anything of the kind. I've come to bring you news about your boy Jim."

"E's an ungrateful little brat," said Strange. "After all I done for 'im, 'e goes and takes 'imself off without a word and leaves me in the lurch."

"As far as I can gather," retorted the Rector, who was not in the least afraid of saying what he thought, "all you've done for him is to beat him, and spend *his* earnings on drink. A very little more of the kind of treatment he seems to have had would have made you liable to be had up for cruelty. The boy has met with a serious accident. He was knocked down by a horse and trap, and one foot is so badly injured that it may have to be amputated."

"Where is 'e?" asked Strange.

"Where he'll be well looked after," said Mr. Marston.

"Then 'e'd best stop there," said Strange calmly, to his hearer's surprise. "If you was to make it worth my while, I could tell you something about that kid wot might interest you."

"I wonder what you mean by that?"

"Just wot I says. That boy's not my own, 'e's my stepson; and there's them as might be glad to know where 'e come from, and who 'e belongs to."

(To be continued.)

✦ ✦ ✦

FATHER was very angry. His expensive gold watch had gone wrong. "I can't think what's the matter," he complained. "Maybe it needs cleaning." "Oh, no, daddy," objected four-year-old Tommy, "it can't want cleaning, 'cause baby and I had it in the bath-room washing it all day yesterday."



Saint George

EVERY nation has its own patron saint whom the people love to honour, and who is looked upon not only as their protector in war and peace, but as a model of all that is best and highest and most worthy to be copied in their own lives.

Ever since the days of the Crusades, when our lion-hearted King Richard went to fight the infidels in the Holy Land, the special saint whom England has delighted to honour has been Saint George. "For Saint George and Merrie England" rang out the old battle-cry; and the greatest honour which our kings can bestow—the Order of the Garter—is really the Order of Saint George, and bears upon it the picture of his great adventure. And when you have heard the story of Saint George you will not wonder that England took him for her special saint, and as an example for all her sons to follow.

Saint George was born far away in Cappadocia, in the year 303 A.D. His father and mother were nobles of that country and were also Christians, although they lived under the rule of the heathen Emperor Diocletian.

Saint George's father, who was a soldier, was often away in the service of the emperor. So it was the mother who had most to do with the care and training of their only son. It must have been, then, from her that the boy learned that gentle reverence towards all women which made him their protector and champion all his life.

When he was seventeen, he too became a soldier like his father, and the shining sword, which he then buckled on, was kept all his life as stainless as his honour. He never drew it in a wrong cause, but held it as a trust given to him to defend the right and protect the weak and helpless.

Now in the same country there was a city called Selem, whose people had once been as happy and prosperous as any in the land, but which was now the most miserable spot in all the world.

The city itself was beautiful with splendid palaces and gay gardens, and the king who ruled there was wise and good. But outside the city wall stretched a grey, sullen-looking lake, half marsh and half stagnant water, and in this gloomy bog there lived a dreadful monster called a dragon. No one knew exactly what he was like, for those who were so unfortunate as to have been near enough to see him plainly had been killed by his fiery breath, which came rolling out from his great yawning throat. He did not seem to walk or to fly, although he had what looked like wings and huge flat feet, but always moved along with a crawling motion most horribly swift.

Nothing was safe from this terrible monster. One by one the sheep and oxen belonging to the city were devoured by him, and when the people had no more food to give him, he crawled towards the city, and his dreadful fiery breath warned them that he was coming closer and that they would soon be carried off, one by one, and devoured.

In their despair and terror, the king and all the people agreed to cast lots each day; and it was settled that the one on whom the lot fell should be put outside the gates to feed the monster, so that the rest might live in safety. This was done for many days, and the grief and suffering in that city was terrible to behold. But the darkest day of all was when the lot fell upon Cleodolinda, the king's only daughter. She was very beautiful, and the king loved her more than all else beside, so in his anguish he called his people together, and in a trembling voice, his grey head bowed with grief, he spoke to them:

"She is my only child—I cannot give her up. Take rather all my gold and jewels, even the half of my kingdom; only spare my daughter, the one treasure of my heart."

But the people were very angry, and would not listen to the king, for they too had lost their children, and it made them savage and cruel.

"We will not spare the princess," they growled in low threatening tones; "we have given up our own children, and why shouldst thou withhold thine? Didst thou not agree with us to cast the lots? Why shouldst thou make one law for us and another for thyself?"

And they threatened to burn down the palace and kill both the king and Cleodolinda if she was not given up to them at once.

Then the king saw there was no hope of deliverance, and he promised that in eight days the princess should be ready for the sacrifice. Those were eight sad days at the palace, for all was dark and hopeless there, and the only person who did not give way to despair was the Princess Cleodolinda herself. She spent her time

trying to comfort her father, and told him she had no fear, but rather that she was glad to think she was to die to save his people.

So the fatal day arrived when the monster was to be fed, and the princess came out to meet the crowd stately and calm, dressed in her royal robes as befitted a king's daughter. And when she bade farewell to her father, she went forth alone, and the gates of the city were shut behind her.

Now it happened that at the very time that Cleodolinda went out to meet the dragon, and just as she heard the city gates clang heavily behind her, Saint George came riding past on his way to join his soldiers. His shining armour and great spear were the only bright things in that gloomy place; but the princess did not see him, for her eyes were blinded with tears, and even when he galloped up close to her she did not hear him, for the ground was soft and marshy, and his horse's hoofs made scarcely a sound as he rode past.

Slowly the princess walked along the desolate way towards the sullen grey lake, where the monster was waiting for his meal. The path was strewn with bones, and no grass grew for miles around, for the fiery blast of the dragon's breath withered everything it passed over. Cleodolinda never dreamed that help was near, and started in amazement when she heard a kind voice speaking to her, and looking up, saw through her tears a young knight on horseback, gazing at her with pitying eyes. She thought that he had the handsomest, kindest face she had ever seen, and the gentlest and most courteous manner, as he leaned towards her, and asked her why she wept, and wherefore she was wandering alone in this dismal place.

Cleodolinda told him in a few words the whole sad story, and pointed with trembling hand towards the distant marsh, where already a dark form might be seen crawling slowly out of the grey water.

"See, there he comes!" she cried, in sudden terror. "Ride fast, kind knight, and escape while there is time, for if the monster finds thee here, he will kill thee."

"And dost thou think I would ride off in safety, and leave thee to perish?" asked Saint George.

"Thou canst do nothing," answered the princess, wringing her hands; "for nought can prevail against this terrible dragon. Thou wilt but perish needlessly in trying to save me, so, I pray thee, fly while there is time."

(To be continued.)

✦ ✦ ✦

PADDY was sorting a rope which had become so entangled he could not find the end. "Begorra," he exclaimed, "some one has cut it off."

COMP
1. or a
answ
of th
must
2. paper
enter
sende
3. as the
comp
4. paper
Work
5. be co
[W

Wri
Ever
M

Chan
word
links
wile, t
links,

D
Mak
water-

Writ
Surpris

D
Mak
water-

The
divided
are ope
only t
Show
the gat
the gar

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.
2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.
3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.
4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.
5. No answers received later than February 22 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for February

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay entitled "The Most Beautiful Thing I Ever Saw."

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION

Make

cat	into	dog
cold	"	heat
milk	"	wine
give	"	take
fool	"	wise
rich	"	poor

Change one letter only at a time and make a dictionary word at each change. The puzzle is to make as few "links" as possible—e.g., make *wild* into *tame*—wild, wile, tile, time, tame. In this example there are three links, i.e. wile, tile, and time.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a hand-bag, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

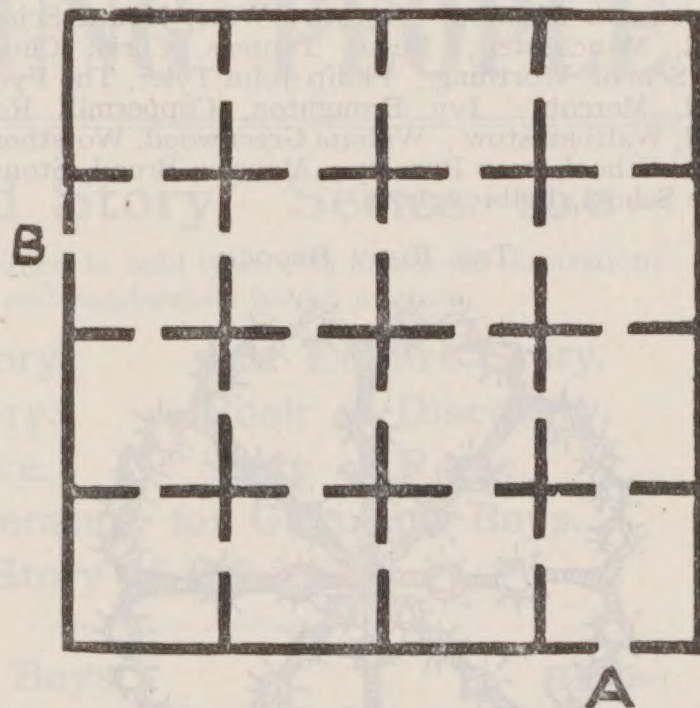
Write an original story, using as your title, "A Great Surprise."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of an umbrella, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

GARDEN PUZZLE

The following diagram represents a square garden divided into sixteen square parts by high walls. There are openings from one part of the garden to another, but only two entrances (A and B) into the garden itself. Show how you would enter at the gate A and leave at the gate B, having entered each of the sixteen parts of the garden, once, and once only.



For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her about the kind of entertainment you most enjoy.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a cracker, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for December

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Marie McCready, Hillsborough, Co. Down. Clifford Atkins, The Fyde School, Morcott. Carrie Wilson, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Lacy and Mary Evelyn Edwards, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Maud Jones, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Muriel Tyler, The Fyde School, Morcott; Violet Lemon, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Smith, Wynd Holm, Houghton Road, Dunstable. Tom Williams, National School, Adlington. Harold Taylor, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington. Eric Clipson, The Fyde School, Morcott.

Honourable Mention.—Gladys Marchant, Gillingham; Joseph E. Hounum, Gilnockie Schoolhouse, Canonbie; W. Hewson, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Albert Hallows and Joe Warrender, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; William Richards, St. James' School, Taunton; Robert Edmondson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Philip John Tyler, The Fyde School, Morcott.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Alex. Pierce, 23 Union Street, Connah's Quay. Lucy Simson, Coppermill Road School, Walthamstow. P. Gick, Southfields School, London, S.W.18.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Wike, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Bessie Thomas, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Philip John Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott; Ivy Broughton, Coppermill Road School, Walthamstow; William Greenwood, Worsthorpe Council School, near Burnley; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

THE RUBY BROOCH



This diagram shows the arrangement of the rubies before the robbery. There are other solutions which are quite good, but the one given is the simplest, as only one stone would require to be reset, *i.e.* the one in the centre.

Prize-Winners.—Arthur Legg, 7 Shottendane Road, Fulham, London, S.W.5. Walter Shanks, 15 Malone Road, Belfast. Ronald Barley, 39 Kimberley Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.9.

Honourable Mention.—Laura Macartney, Belfast; Noel Sloan, Moneymore; Hilda Stow, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Ellis Peters, St. Mark's School, Connaught's Quay; Edna Gillespie, New Cleethorpes, Lincs.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE

The solutions are as follows:—1. Pitt; 2. Wolfe or Fox; 3. Raleigh; 4. Knox; 5. Oates; 6. Essex; 7. Peel; 8. Drake; 9. More; 10. Laud; 11. Bright; 12. Cook.

Prize-Winners.—Andrew Moore, St. Vincent's School, Beacon Lane, Liverpool. Harry Pitcairn Dand, 63 Brunstane Road, Joppa. Frank Barton, 2 Scourcroft Street, Findley Green, Wigan.

Honourable Mention.—Ronald Barley, Stockwell, S.W.9; Jessie Watson, Ythan-bank, Ellon; Rosemary Easton, Pendleton, Manchester; Margot Rawson, Hazelmere, Harpenden, Herts.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Bessie Thomas, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Gladys Alexander, The Southfield School, London, S.W.18. Edna Gillespie, 191 Grimsby Road, New Cleethorpes, Lincs.

Honourable Mention.—Zoë Ethel Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey; Philip Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott; Joan Evelyn Davids, Hampstead, N.W.6; Jeanie Dornan, Saintfield, Co. Down; Eric Winter, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Ivy Wood,

Coppermill Road School, Walthamstow. Winifred Wilkinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Kenneth Riley, The Fydell School, Morcott; Mina Alexander, Belfast; Nancy Kerr, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Dora Mitchell, Coppermill Road School, Walthamstow.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—James Stevenson, Glenview, Chapel-hall. May Webster, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham. Dorothy Greenhough, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Edwin Todd, Southfield School, S.W.18; Irene Dore, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Alan Haworth, Blackpool; Hilda Beach, Rubery, near Birmingham; Nancy Kerr, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Letter Bag

ELLICE BLAKE.—Thank you so much for your kind wishes and pretty Christmas card, also for your letter, which I found very interesting.

JOAN TRIMBLE.—I am so glad you have enjoyed P.J. and hope you will find this year's serial just as interesting. Thank you for your kind wishes.

IRENE BREAKEY.—Now that you have summoned enough courage to try one competition, I hope you will continue to try the various puzzles. It *does* take a long time to practise on the piano, doesn't it?

EDNA GILLESPIE.—Poor Flora Spurling! I do hope she is now quite recovered from her sea-sickness and has been able to enjoy all the Christmas festivities. Thank you for the party game you send me. It sounds very jolly, but I just wonder if it is the best kind of treatment for your coats. However, I shall print it and the other game you sent in, and let our readers judge for themselves.

MARIE MCCREADY.—Thank you for your interesting letter. It is gratifying to know the number of years you have been a reader of the *Children's Paper*, and I hope you will long continue to enjoy it.

THE EDITRESS.

TWO PARTY GAMES

All players stand round a table with one person at the top end. Another person kneels under the table, and waits for the person at the top end to give signs. Place a penny on the top of the table. The player at the top end of the table moves his foot. If the coin is "head" he moves his foot to the right, if "tails" he moves his foot to left. No player must tell the secret until each one has had a turn.

All the players must have a coat, and put them one on top of the other. The players then sit round the coats in a ring, and when a person gives the sign all players go for a coat. As soon as the player has got a coat, he or she must put it on. The player with the coat on first is the winner.

Sent in by EDNA GILLESPIE,
New Cleethorpes.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher (during history lesson). "What are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?"

Small Boy. "The Derby, the Oaks, and the Grand National, Miss."



BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



"Our Island Story" Series. 10/6 net.

Beautiful gift books, printed in bold type, with numerous illustrations in colour, and handsomely bound in cloth.

Our Island Story. Our Empire Story.
Scotland's Story. Book of Discovery.
Story of France. Story of Rome.
English Literature for Girls and Boys.
Story of Greece.

Engineering for Boys. 6s. net.

By ELLISON HAWKS, Editor of the *Meccano Magazine*. Very fully illustrated.

All About Our British Railways. 6s. net.

By G. G. JACKSON. With numerous illustrations.

Romance and Reality of Radio. 3s. 6d. net.

By ELLISON HAWKS. The History, Theory, and Practice of Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony.

The Child's Life of Jesus. 6s. net.

By C. M. STEEDMAN. With 16 drawings in colour by PAUL WOODROFFE.

The Golden Staircase. 6s. net.

Poems and Verses for Children chosen by LOUEY CHISHOLM. With 16 exquisite coloured pictures by M. DIBDIN SPOONER.

A Book of Myths. 6s. net.

By Mrs. JOHN LANG. With colour plates by HELEN STRATTON.

In and Around London. 6s. net.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest and from photographs. The story of London, from its beginnings, through its interesting and picturesque past, up to modern institutions and developments, simply and agreeably told.

Nursery Rhymes. 5s. net.

Illustrated in colour by C. LOVAT FRASER. Quarto.

Songs with Music. 5s. net.

From R. L. Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." A charming setting of the best Children's Songs in the language, with singularly charming musical settings, and embodied in artistic form.

In God's Garden. 5s. net.

By AMY STEEDMAN.

Stories of the Saints, for little children.

Our Island Saints. 5s. net.

By AMY STEEDMAN.

A Little Child's Life of Jesus. 3s. 6d. net.

By AMY STEEDMAN.

Stories for the Nine-Year-Old. 3s. net.

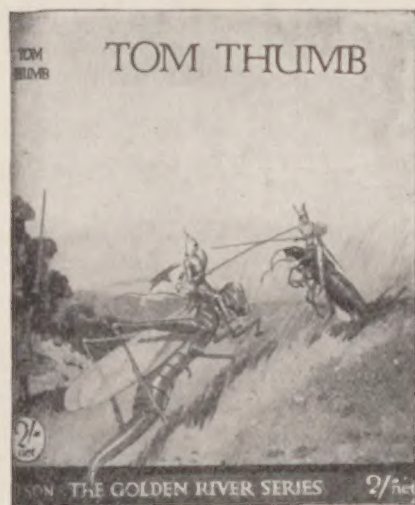
Stories for the Ten-Year-Old. 3s. net.

Two delightful books edited by LOUEY CHISHOLM, fully illustrated in colour and in black-and-white.

From all Booksellers.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh

NELSON BOOKS



The "Golden River" Series. 2/- net.

These delightful books are immensely popular. Established favourites retold simply for children. Eight coloured plates. Cloth. Picture wrapper.

Children of the Old Testament. Uncle Remus.
Children of the New Testament. Linden Leaf.
Alice in Wonderland. Sir Thomas Thumb.
Knights of the Grail. Don Quixote.
Nell and her Grandfather. The Six Gifts.
The Water-Babies. Kingsley's "Heroes."
The Ugly Duckling. Æsop's Fables.
Stories from Tennyson. Mother Goose.
Tales from Shakespeare. The Arabian Nights.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Robinson Crusoe.
King of the Golden River.

Standard Books for Boys and Girls.

Price 1/9 net.

Books that have stood the test of time, and will be read by all young people with delight. Unabridged, and containing as much matter as books at three times the price. With illustrations. Cloth. Coloured wrapper.

The Wide, Wide World. Hereward the Wake.
Tom Brown's Schooldays. Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Robinson Crusoe. The Heir of Redcliffe.
Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Martin Rattler.
The Pilgrim's Progress. Masterman Ready.
Ivanhoe. The Children of the New Forest.

From all Booksellers.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London & Edinburgh

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. [Feb.

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....
Address.....
.....Age last Birthday.....